

New Series—Vol. X. No. 20.

eternity, I could not have answered that gurgling voice, thrilling through me like rich Burgundy, otherwise than by from their sockets: but still I held on, madly, wildly, in a sort of dreadful trance, for those twenty minutes.

terity. I could not never answered that gurgling voice, thrilling through me like rich Burgundy, otherwise than by saying:

"Ge-ne, he kittens, Miss Bettie; hardly rise!" Mr. Blythe. "And I cinckled out of the intimacy. Then that infernal . . . as, as if in judgment, nestly-took my shoulder out of the socket."

"I knew they were, papa, dear! He would never risk me with that else; and, you see, he is driving." I was drunken, besotted, wild with the hashish of that emphasized pronoun. Those wondrous eyes shot me a glance of thanks; the tiny hands clasped me round the neck, and on each side of my face whiskers, drew the old man's face down to the ripe lips. A clicking kiss, seemingly all around me in the sharp air, drove me perfectly

from their sockets; but still I held on, madly, wildly, in a sort of dreadful trance, for those twenty minutes. Then remembrance vaguely paints roadside inn: a collection of sleighs and men, two the road and waving their hands then, then that infernal, wildly aside and a man in a somersault. Last came a trinding jar, and I awoke from my nightmare, half lying between Tom and his cousin on the back seat, the horses neck deep in a snow drift and rough coated men running for their heads.

"Splendid by jingo!" yelled Tom to me, as he hastily extricated himself from the buffalo, he ran to a man floundering in the road. "You're not hurt, I hope?" I'm deced sorry for the foul, but young horses—hard months—couldn't help it.

drunk with envy. Was wild enough to seize the whip Tom had thrown carelessly on the back seat; but even in the madness of that supreme moment I had not enough left to keep it far back out of the gray's sight.

"How impatient he looks, tucked up in his driver's perch!" Tom said, airily, to his uncle. "If the horses were only half as much so we might have a very ride."

I saw, out of the far corner of mine, Mr. Blythe's eyes travel rather hesitatingly over the tense muscles of the gray.

"I don't think you would," said my uncle, "that he might insist on that beast being exchanged for his own easy going horse!" But just then the perverse brute

Beasts all right, I see. Come in and have something to drink."

I drew a long, deep, gasping breath. I tried to spring, but could only crawl, while the driver and Miss Bettie went into the road. We were at the "Bull's Eye" tavern, five good miles from Fallon's!

"Awkward fellow that," I said very cheerily, all things considered. I was hugely elated at being once more on terra firma, notwithstanding strong proclivities displayed by my legs for shutting up the jackknives. A little wretched scoundrel, assist pulling on the little wheel hard in mine, as though Miss Bettie were the gray. "Awkward fellow! Singular he couldn't take care of his trap-

of a stork stood stock still and hid his
off horse from his scrutiny. My hope
went from out of me, and the blackness
of despair settled down over me and that
demon team.

"What, dear child, you must be careful of
your off horse!"

"Of course he will, papa. And now,
good-by. Tom says we mustn't keep
them standing longer in the cold."

In thumped Miss Bettie's bonnet box,
and both horses answered the shock with
a simultaneous thrill; but I braced my
back, and, though my legs nearly went
through the floor, I managed to keep my
dumb gray still enough for Tom's officious
leavetaking to hide it from his uncle.

when he saw me coming. But some peo-
ple never will learn to drive."

"Never!" meekly responded the lit-
tle lady; but the eyes that met mine for a
single second literally played in flashes
of luminous merriment. What could
she mean?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Effect of Caffeine.

Caffeine has not the property of tak-
ing the place of food; it does nothing,
but replace the general tonic stimulation
produced by taking food. For in fact if
we admit that it is the direct immediate
action of food which stimulates the
stomach and the nervous system, and

"Oh yes, Uncle Bob, we'll be very careful and drive very slowly. Go on, old fellow; don't wait a second for me." And lifting Miss Bettie to her seat, Tom bounded over the scrapers like a cat. "Go on! Why in the devil's name don't you?" he whispered to the president of the board. Then he called his uncle's attention to the new furs, and dug his elbow into my back.

"Don't wait a second for me!"

Ye gods! Did the insane wretch mean me to drive in reality? Was I to guide that chained thunderbolt and that kicking demon before me? Yes; Tom Jones evidently meant that. He had gone suddenly mad, beyond a doubt; but was what you don't know. I must

that its alimentary value has primitively nothing to do with it, one stimulant could be substituted for another under these conditions. But caffeine, so far from exerting any such effect, will only put a man deprived of food in a condition to resume work by drawing on these reserves, of which it hastens the destruction by stimulating the nervous system and, through its intermediary, that of the muscles. From that moment the organism will soon exhaust its nutritive stock, and caffeine will not be able to prevent it, though being of indubitable yet temporary use for the physical forces.

—Paris Herald.

The Hald Knew Him.

to took a long breath, let the whip fall well back out of the gray's sight, and, bracing my every muscle firmly, uttered the mystic monosyllable, "Glang!"

It cut like a knife through the clear atmosphere, and the keen echo almost divided my tympana. The sorrow heard. He stretched himself, gathered and made a wary plunge forward, but that perverse brute of a gray only stuck his forelegs in the snow and sat down like a dog. Luckily, Miss Bettie managed to hold her father by such a string of prattle he noticed none of these circus like proceedings.

"Mind, papa! don't forget the flanne" for old Mammy Watts; and be sure to

Mistress (to her maid)—Did any one call during my absence, Marie?

Marie—Yes, madame; Monsieur Pommier.

Monsieur Pommier? I don't know such a man.

"Now him, madame. He came to see me."—Texas Sittings.

"When you eat fish," said a distinguished physician, "don't eat anything else with it. Bones are apt to slip into the bread, or the cracker, or the potatoes or anything else you take with fish, and thus become lodged in the throat."

Young Gould has a pretty superstition. He wears his wife's picture in a locket

And, oh, he sure that Liza does the turkey to a turn for dinner to-morrow!"

"That was to have been your dinner," the old gentleman said, turning to me. "That pleasure I must defer to please this small puer with her whims."

The mayor seemed to me a great distance off. His words came to me through a sound of my own heart. I thought of the circus horse that I nursed gray still eat like a circus horse, and the sorrel pulled till his nose almost touched the snow.

"And, oh, papa!" cried Miss Bettie with a timely little scream of recollection; "now don't forget the red wrapper for old

on a chain, and believes he will have an accident should he lose it.

A Scrap of Paper Saves Her Life.

It was just an ordinary scrap of wrapping paper, but it saved her life. She was in the last stages of consumption, told by physicians that she was incurable, and could only live a short time; she weighed but ten several pounds. On a rainy day she picked up a scrap of Dr. King's New Discovery, and she read the title; it helped her, she thought a large bottle, it helped her more; long and hard, and grew better fast; continued its use and is now strong, healthy, rose, plump, weighing 140 pounds. For fuller particulars send stamp to H. C. Cole, Boston, for a full bottle. This bottle of this wonderful Discovery free at J. F. W. Delmore's Drug Store.

Patience—that's a dear!"

"Give that gray devil the whip," Jones growled to me in a savage whisper, rounded off with something very like a growl. "I'll have all the fat in the fire with such driving."

Give him the whip!

I thought before Tom Jones of the Boomerangs had gone away. Now I knew, like all maniacs, he believed me as stark, staring mad as he was.

"And, papa, dear, don't forget the brandy peachers for Dr. Lindner—your present remembrance on the dear day!"

"The day?" I punctured through all my fear with the words, "Now do go on, please."

Whether the electric spark that

OUR VERY BEST REMEDY

confirms our statement, since every fact that Acker's English Balm is in every way superior to any and all other preparations for the Throat and Lungs. In Whooping Cough and Croup it is unequalled. It is a sure cure for all the little bottle free. Remember, this Remedy is sold on a positive guarantee by J. F. W. DeLorue.

DO NOT SUFFER AN LONGER.

Knowing that a cough can be checked in a day, and the first stages of Consumption broken in a week, we hereby guarantee Dr. Acker's English Cough Remedy. It is sold by all the English and Irish who buy and use for directions, and we do not find our statement correct.

For Over Fifty Years:

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been

strilled through mat that whisper
run down the reins and magnetized
the gray. I never knew. Somehow we
were in the road, the dasher full of snow, and
that devil's team going at a wild stroke
that sent acute agony to the marrow of
my very bone.

"Splendid! Perfect! Bravo!" shout-
ed Tom from the back seat. "Your
start was a picture; and that run into
the drift and barking the pear tree don't
count, as the bend hid them from Uncle
Bob."

I thought madly I heard a gurgling
sound of female laughter. I was wrong.
Enough, for that second she said to me:
"To drive splendidly, indeed!"

"And here, here," I said, "I feel the
quality of the blood depends much upon
good or bad digestion and assimilation.
To make the blood rich in life and strength-
giving constituents use Dr. J. H. McLean's
Sarsaparilla. It will nourish the
quality of the blood in which the elements of
vitality are drawn. vlcot

If you feel "out of sorts," cross and
peevish—take Dr. J. H. McLean's Sarsa-
parilla; cheerfulness will return and life
acquire new zest. vlcot

Don't irritate your lungs with a stubborn
cough when a pleasant and effective remedy
may be found in Dr. J. H. McLean's Tact
Wine Lung Balm. vlcot

arms! Poor Tom! wry, how the reins have cut your hands!"

"My arm is stiff as a poker. Bet. Ah, baby, that's delicious!"

Had I been driving the horses of the Sun, with the pit of Acheron gaping before me, I must have turned at that exclamation. There was misery in my spine and torture in my legs, but I did turn a little. Tom had pulled off his gauntlet, and she—yes, she was chafing his purple, ugly hand between two bewitching fur gloves!

"See what a good cousin I am!" The black eyes danced before me, and once more the musical laugh trilled out beautiful and birdlike. With agony in my

The next twenty minutes were a nightmare. I hold in memory a vague jumble of blinding sunlight on the snow; a whirling of brush and trunks and horses on the hill sides; a racking and torment in furs, knoses and noses; a whizzing, whoop of wind in my half frozen ears. Twice I essayed to look around at the couple behind me, but the commandante in "Don Juan" was not more rigid than those strained leathers held me, while the molten fire rushing down my spine refused to let me bend my neck. I felt

my hands must soon come on—my elbows and shoulder blades pull clear the paper.